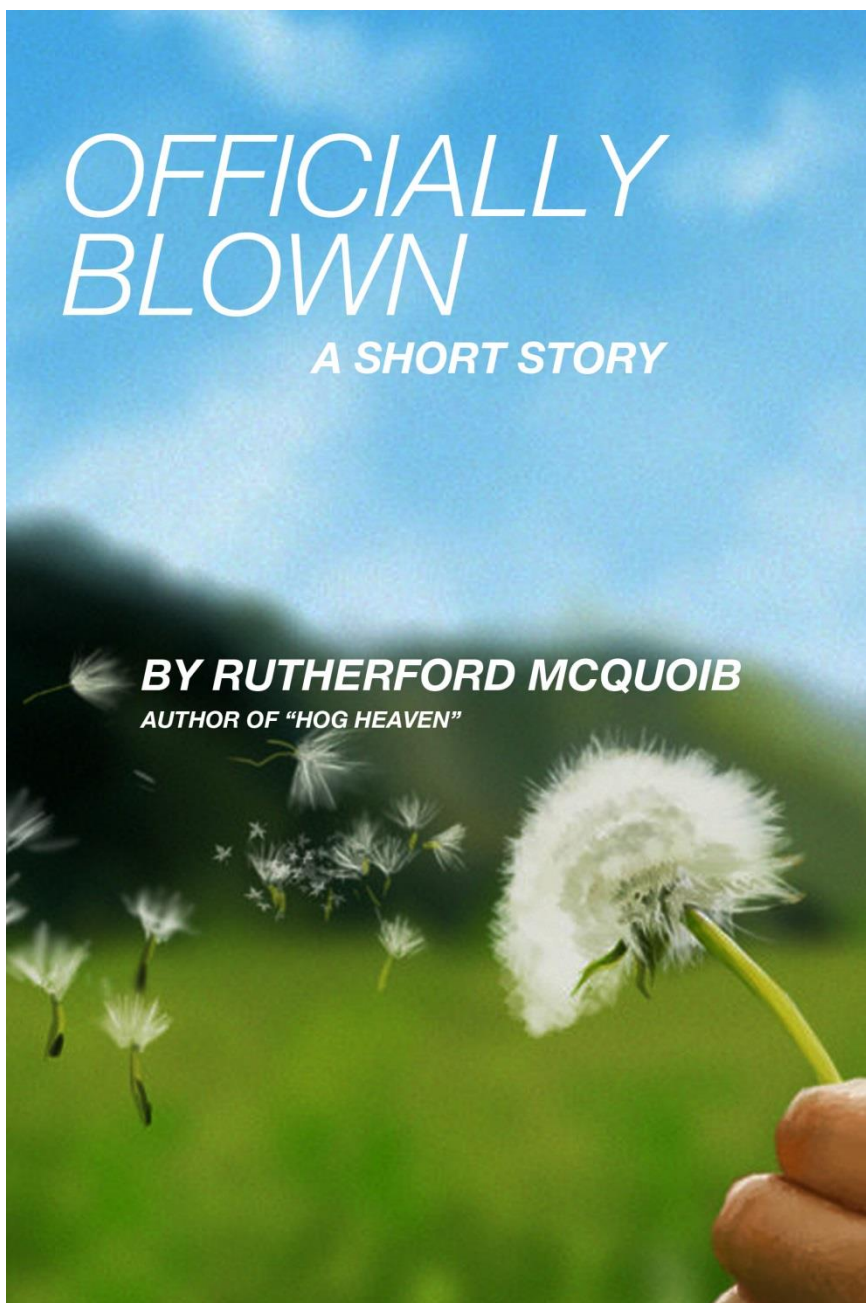


# OFFICIALLY BLOWN

*A SHORT STORY*

**BY RUTHERFORD MCQUOIB**

*AUTHOR OF "HOG HEAVEN"*



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*A Short Story*

Rutherford McQuoib

SMART PEOPLE BOOKS PUBLISHING

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For information contact Rutherford McQuoib

Book and Cover design by Praxon Jorfo

ISBN: 123456789

First Edition: September 2014

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1



« She's an all-night all-night rental

She's a rental Oriental

Suki-Lee. »

Boz Scaggs

# OFFICIALLY BLOWN

*“She undresses in the light of the TV  
In the light of the TV squawking.”*

~ Boz Scaggs

**R**utherford McQuoib’s mind was officially blown.

He had finished his workday at Grantland Community College where he happily toiled as a janitorial custodian in service of the students and faculty. He had made his way over to the most popular off campus bar, Slank; where under aged coeds imbibed copious quantities of alcoholic beverages and made poor choices with various members of the faculty

and their members.

While Rutherford was quite popular with the female gender, he chose not to use Slank as a forum to satisfy his carnal needs for he felt that people of the drunken persuasion were not in any condition to make responsible sexual choices.

However, that did not stop him from spending several nights in the bar where he enjoyed their numerous ciders and ales that were on tap as well as stimulating conversations with an assortment of the patrons.

Slank that night was rather crowded with a large number of humans, both of the campus and townie variety. There were fraternity boys on the prowl for willing “poontang,” a term Rutherford found distasteful and disrespectful of the feminine gender. Oh how he loathed those lads with their preppy polo shirts and ironed slacks and their devil may care attitude about romantic relationships, their studies, and the finer points of decorum and manners.

“Look out old man,” a rather large black student slurred as he sloshed beer from his tankard onto Rutherford’s pants. “Shouldn’t you be home tending to your kiln or something?”

Rutherford gave the inebriated lad a withering gaze and casually brushed droplets of beer off his crotch region.

“Maybe you have had enough to drink, son. You should go home, brew yourself a carafe of strong black coffee, and come down from this alcoholic buzz that is affecting your judgment.”

“To heck with you old man. Why don’t you go have sexual congress with yourself using a corn cob!” the lad sputtered, shoving Rutherford against the bar.

Rutherford gathered himself and stood nose to nose with the drunken



dude.

“While I find your desire to engage in wanton fisticuffs loathsome and immature, I am truly offended by your graphic description of anal violation using produce. Apologize immediately!”

The lad glowered at Rutherford and puffed up his chest like a cheap dime store balloon.

“And if I don’t?”

Rutherford smiled at the young man and straightened his collar (that of the lad as Rutherford was wearing a green tank top).

“Then I will have no choice but to subdue you using physical means.”

The young man guffawed and slapped the back of his similarly drunken friends who had gathered behind him.

“Those are mighty big words for such a small man,” he snarled. “You couldn’t crap your way out of a toilet paper skyscraper. You couldn’t bang your way out of a bathroom stall with a tenured college professor between your legs and a banana peel in the sink!”

Rutherford was furious at this slight.

“Okay young man. I tried to reason with you, but you have left me no choice but to punish you in a very public fashion.”

The young man opened his arms wide and grinned.

“Bring it on... Father Time.”

Rutherford’s revenge was swift and effective as he slapped the young man with the back of his hand much like a shepherd subdues a misbehaving sheep.

“Karate chop!” Rutherford belched, his slap sliding across the side of the lad’s face, bring the boy to tears.

“Ouch!” the boy yelped, as he crumbled to the floor.

Rutherford turned to face the lad’s friends.

“Do any of you wish to explore the same fate as your chum?”

The men shrunk back in fear from Rutherford with quiet words of dissent.

“Well then. I suggest you all go home and focus on your studies and never drink an alcoholic beverage again until you are of legal drinking age,” Rutherford bellowed.

“Yes sir,” the all cried in unison as they ran out of the bar.

Rutherford sat back down on his bar stool and was surprised to find that his ale had disappeared and a glass of brown liquid had taken its place. The bartender, a swarthy Greek type, smiled at him and motioned to the glass.

“A glass of 47 year old triple malt scotch on the house for you. Thank you for ridding this bar of those unsavory youths,” he said, a grin creeping across his face like pea vines on an Irish sea wall.

Rutherford raised his glass to the bartender.

“It was my pleasure.”

“I have a question for you Rutherford.”

“Yes barkeep?”

“How do you feel about gay, homosexual sexual intercourse?”

Rutherford pondered this for a moment, his pecker beginning to stir in his dungarees.

"I have never had a sex with a man, but I think I would like it fine."

The bartender grinned.

"Well then. How would you like to have sex with me on that pool table while the whole bar watches," he queried. "On the house of course."

Rutherford stood up quickly and set his drink down on the scratched wooden bar.

"Let's do this thing!" Rutherford exclaimed.

The two men headed over to the pool table which was immediately surrendered by the college students who were using it. Rutherford and the barkeep disrobed and the latter laid down on his back on the felt-covered playing surface.

"Even though I have never experienced anal incursion with a man," Rutherford bellowed. "I promise to hammer you like a nail in a cheap piece of drywall."

The barkeep opened his arms to receive Rutherford.

"I am your trophy boy and you are my top, Rutherford McQuoib!"

With that, Rutherford and the barkeep to proceeded to have rough house gay sex in front of the entire bar on top of the antique pool table. The entire bar gathered around the table and cheered raucously as Rutherford displayed an innate talent for man on man buggery and gay sexual intercourse. Rutherford even adapted a number of heterosexual copulation techniques to the gay world and made the middle aged bartender come like a Roman water fountain.

“Now that was a game changer,” the barkeep panted, drooling running out of the corners of his mouth.

A nude Rutherford stood up and addressed the crowd.

“I hope what he and I just did here will not only show you that man on man love is every bit as viable and legal as heterosexual union, but maybe you can go out in the world and preach tolerance and friendship with others who are different than you.”

The crowd cheered and slapped Rutherford’s back as he put his clothing back on so that he could leave the bar and go home to his domicile.

“You banged the poo out of him, Mr. McQuoib,” shrieked a 19 year old sorority girl who was flanked by 3 of her female classmates. “Do you think you can put the blocks to us as well?”

Rutherford smiled and waved his arms towards the door.

“I don’t see why not,” he cried. “Let’s go to my place.”

And with that, Rutherford and the four supermodel-grade females left Slank for a night of heterosexual intercourse and a light supper at midnight.

The End

**ALSO BY RUTHERFORD MCQUOIB**

HOG HEAVEN

VIOLATING PROTOCOL

HIDDEN OBSERVER

MAURERTOWN TAKEDOWN

ACCIDENTAL OCCIDENTAL

WETLANDS

# Acknowledgments

I would like to thank the Hindu god, Vishnu. I don't believe in you at all, but you are still pretty badass!

# About the Author

Rutherford McQuoib is an author, a stamp collector, a pugilist, a lover of fine charcuterie, and the kind of person who likes to make strangers smile on the street, even if he doesn't know them.

Rutherford lives in New Market, Virginia with a woman and a dog.